

.....



# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS, NO. 342 BROADWAY—TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. IV.—NO. 29.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 185.

## The Principles of Nature.

### SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS AT BUFFALO.

DEAR SIR—Having noticed in your paper, some account of the manifestations at the room of Mr. Davenport, and at the house of Mr. Brooks, at Buffalo, I have visited that city with the view of testing the truth of the statements which have been published; and I now give you the facts as they occurred during my visit, without comment of my own. I must accredit the manifestations to the source from which they were there said to emanate, being unable to discover any other cause. Mr. Davenport gave me every opportunity to test in such a manner as I might think proper, and Mr. Brooks was kind enough to permit me to attend the private circles in his house, and also to accompany me, with his daughter, to the house of a friend, where they had never visited before, for the purpose of ascertaining if the same manifestations would occur there.

SATURDAY OCTOBER 13, AT DAVENPORT'S ROOM.

The mediums are two sons of Mr. Davenport, ten and fifteen years of age. The room is twenty-seven feet by sixteen, and contains two tables, one of oval form, seven feet long, and five feet wide; the other, a circular table, four feet three inches in diameter; also a sofa, two or three benches, and some chairs. I was accompanied by three friends whom I had selected to assist me in the investigation, one of whom went on from New York, the other being a resident of Buffalo. They were equally anxious with myself to ascertain if the published reports relative to these mediums were true. We were seated around the large table which stood in the middle of the room, the two mediums being placed apart—one sitting next myself, and the other between two of my friends; room light, all windows except one being closed, and that ajar, so that coarse print might have been read. Under the table, on the floor, was a speaking-trumpet, two violins, an accordion, and a bell. Immediately on our being seated, the rappings commenced. These were very loud indeed—as loud as could be made if the table had been rapped upon with a heavy piece of wood. The sounds seemed to be made sometimes on top of the table, sometimes on the under side of its top, and sometimes on the floor beneath. The table was lifted entirely free from the floor, while all the hands of the mediums and party were on the top of it. Each member of the party was touched, as if by a Spirit-hand—sometimes a large hand, and sometimes a small one. The violins and accordion were continually being played upon, and the bell often rung, passing all round the table and touching the feet and legs of the party. The instruments were handed up and placed in our hands when held beneath the table, and then were taken away again, apparently by the Spirits. The feet of the mediums were always so positioned as to be controlled by those who sat along side of them. The Spirit then asked by alphabet, for the dog. Mr. Davenport said he had let him out an hour before, and that he had gone home. This the Spirit stoutly denied, and said he was below. The younger boy then acknowledged that he met the dog below, and had tied him in the store. Mr. Davenport then went down, brought up the dog, and placed him under the sofa. While there the Spirit patted his tail made him squeal, etc. The alphabet was frequently called for, and we were requested to sit close to the table. I looked under the table many times, and saw nothing but the articles before enumerated, and the feet of the party. There was no cloth on the table, and it was not difficult to bring the whole within the field of vision, by a slight inclination of the head. I then requested to be permitted to sit alone with the boys in the middle of the room, and to have the small circular table. All the rest of the party sat back near the wall, while the two mediums and myself were alone at the table. My right hand was placed on the two hands of the elder boy, and my right foot on both his feet, and my left hand and foot held the small boy in the same manner. The alphabet was then called for by raps, and the words "make it dark" were spelled out. Before the windows were closed, the trumpet, violins, accordion, and bell were placed on top of the small table, and immediately after the windows were closed, and the room became dark; and while I held the hands of the boys—their father being at the extreme end of the room, holding a dark lantern—the trumpet was lifted from the table, and the Spirit spoke through it, telling me to sit close to the table. The Spirit then slapped me on all parts of my body with the bell, violin, and trumpet, and talked plainly through the trumpet, answering my questions in a peculiar voice. He also placed the trumpet to my mouth several times, and once or twice passed the smooth side of it over my profile, like a pen-  
graph, and indeed over my body in every direction. The bell rang rapidly round my body, nearly, but never quite, touching and ringing all the time.

I then asked the Spirit (John King) to touch me, and immediately I felt a warm cheek, and then a forehead, on my head. I then asked him to touch my face. He did so by placing his hand in my face. The hair was coarse, rigid, and warm, and I could not but suspect that the elder boy had placed his cheek and forehead on my head; I also suspected him of thrusting the crown of his head in my face, but of this I had no proof; and indeed, from what afterwards occurred I was inclined to give up this, my only suspicion of being deceived; for after the introduction of the light, I asked the boy if he could not do these things without imparting any motion to his hands. He said he thought he could, and endeavored to do so, evidently with extreme fairness.

I could however, feel a slight motion of his hands, while he was making these endeavors, which motion he evidently tried to avoid making. During all this time, the Spirit spoke occasionally through the trumpet, in answer to questions asked by many individuals, all of whom were seated back against the wall, with the exception of the two boys and myself. My friend who accompanied me from New York, then took my place at the table, and the same facts occurred with him as with me. The trumpet, violins, accordion and bell then passed rapidly round the room to its full length and width, sometimes near the ceiling, sometimes as low as our heads, the musical instruments all the time being played upon, as if by fingers. These articles passed so rapidly as to render it evident by the wind consequent upon their motion, blowing against our heads, hands, knees, etc. They were continually being tuned, while thus rapidly passing through the atmosphere. Occasionally they would touch each of us gently as they passed round the room; and whether our heads were thrown forward or back, or whether our hands were elevated or placed on our knees, the power moving the instruments seemed to know it, and touched them in their new localities. Several times I held both hands, and the instruments were placed in them—one in each hand. I endeavored to hold fast of them, and sometimes succeeded, the Spirit letting go, and permitting me to hold them, but in an instant I would receive a touch of a hand upon the chin, nose or forehead, and at the same time the instruments would be jerked from my grasp. I continually asked the boys sitting at the center-table, to speak—indeed to keep talking—for I suspected them of being ventriloquists; but while the boys were so speaking, the Spirit voice would be heard speaking near the ceiling at one end of the room, then near the floor at the opposite end of the room, the instruments all the while whirling through the atmosphere, and being played upon. Indeed, in one instance the Spirit-voice occurred in two parts of the room, at the same time, the Spirit calling himself John King, continually calling individuals by name, uttering witticisms, etc. During this sitting we asked the Spirit if he could give us an exhibition of fire-works. Immediately these commenced, and imitations of rockets, chasers, serpents, and other well known varieties, were in rapid motion. Accompanying these was a slight smell of phosphorus, the Spirit saying, in explanation, that the representation was made by the aggregation of phosphorus from the atmosphere, the bodies of visitors, etc. On another occasion he gave us this exhibition, at request, without any odor of phosphorus.

Later in the day I had a private sitting with the boys, when Mr. Davenport—the father—left the room, and my friend and myself were locked in with the boys, alone; still we had the same manifestations as with the full circle, the boys, in the meantime, being held by me in the manner before described.

SATURDAY EVENING OCTOBER 13.

In company with my friend, I visited the residence of Mr. Brooks. His daughter, Miss Sarah Brooks, is a medium of most extraordinary powers. We here met a circle of twenty-six visitors, some of whom had never before been at the house of Mr. Brooks. Six of this circle proved to be mediums. A piano was turned with the key-board toward the wall, and under a mantle-shelf, so that it would have been impossible to reach the keys. The cover was slightly raised part of the evening; but during the manifestations the stop that held it up slipped, and I heard the cover fall. Upon the door being opened, it was found that the cover was shut, with the exception of a small portion of it immediately over the key-board. The circle sat at the opposite side of the room, with the exception of Miss Brooks, who stood behind the piano, with her right hand placed on the cover, from which position I am confident she did not move during the time the piano was playing; and indeed I am well convinced that she knows nothing of the instrument, and that she is unable, in her normal state, to play upon it at all. From all the inquiry I was enabled to make—which was entirely full and efficient—I am convinced that Mr. Brooks and his daughter are every way worthy of the fullest confidence. The circle sang four sacred pieces, and the piano played accompaniments by Spirit-influence. No human hand could have touched the keys. After this the piano played alone, without the voices, and with more force than grand pianos, with a Leopold de Meyer at each. Indeed, sometimes I could not have hallowed loud enough to be heard. The sound, for the first two hours, gave no indication of the keys being touched, but it seemed rather as though a blast of wind, properly directed, was passing through the strings, producing the heaviest, fullest, and most perfect chords I ever heard, the harmonies rolling, rich and intense—more so than those usually produced by a full and efficient orchestra. Two mediums—Miss Sarah Brooks and Miss Cora Scott—commenced singing an improvisation dialogue or duet, accompanied by a Spirit, called Frederic, on the piano. The keys were now used by the Spirit, and the runs were so consecutive and continuous as to seem like swells, the individual action of the keys only being heard at the end of the runs, in the change of movement. The words of the dialogue were arranged in verses, beautiful in the extreme; their measure was perfect, and the sentiments contained in them were truly good, embracing instruction of the highest order. The quality of the singing was perhaps the greatest curiosity of the evening, for it was evident from Miss Brooks' conversation when in the normal state, that she was suffering from extreme weakness of the lungs, but while singing in this duet, her tones were clear and powerful, and the cadences sometimes reminded one of Sontag in her best day. Several times during the evening, the six mediums were simultaneously influenced to sing and

to speak in Indian; and then in a mixed tongue which was evidently understood by each, as the replies contained words just uttered as parts of questions. Your acquaintance, Mr. Coles, was one of these mediums; and as he had not met with this circle before, it is evident that the part he played, as well as the others, was by influence, and not by any concerted action previously agreed upon. They also sang, heavy accompaniments being played by the Spirits on the piano. They danced grotesquely but gracefully; and for fear of their injuring each other in the dark, Mr. Brooks threw the door open. The piano, although playing up to the instant the light was admitted into the room, I observed stood where it had been placed, with the keys toward the wall, and close against it, with the cover down. On the admission of light, the Spirit-music stopped, and the piano was immediately rolled out, when one of the mediums sat by it, and, under influence, played for the five dancers, all of whom danced more vigorously, and for a longer time than it would have been possible for them to do in the normal state; their after-breathing showing that they were not fatigued. The music during this dancing was all original, and of an entirely different kind from that ordinarily used; the style was more joyous and free in its character. The piano was then restored to its original position against the wall, without the cover being raised. The door was closed, and the playing recommenced with great vigor. All the responses during the evening, and calls for the alphabet, were made by the piano raising and falling on the floor. The circle was asked, by alphabet, to sing, the songs always being named, and the accompaniments played on the piano were able, novel, and impressive. Toward the close of the evening, by request, the Spirits played a well known schottish as I never heard it played before, although the responses were all given by the rising and falling of the piano, even while the playing was going on; and indeed I heard it being tuned while it was being played upon, and even while falling in response, when it shook the whole frame of the house at every blow; still it was tuned during the whole evening, and always while the playing was in progress. When the circle broke up, the instrument was in perfect tune. A clock on the mantle, immediately over the piano, would cease ticking, or resume it, at request of any of the circle. The bell of this clock struck two hundred times at request, and would either ring with its full tone or have its tone stopped at each alternate blow, as might be requested.

On my return to Buffalo, a few days since, I again visited Mr. Brooks, and again heard the exercises before named, repeated. On Sunday evening last [October 28.] Mr. Brooks and his daughter accompanied me to the house of a friend in Buffalo, where they had not before visited, and the same experiments were repeated with the piano there as at his own house. During the evening a young lady was influenced by a Spirit who left the form eighteen months since; and upon being asked if she would play some of her favorite tunes on the piano, she answered in the affirmative. The lady of my friend was intimate with the Spirit up to the time of her departure, and pronounced the tunes played to be those which her friend had often performed for her while in the form. The night previous [October 27.] I had been at Mr. Brooks' house, and heard the manifestations there. Between each of these three visits, commencing with that of October 13, the ingenuity of doubt had suggested many new points to be observed, but they were all answered in a manner which we can not but admit was satisfactory; and the kindness of all the parties in permitting us to satisfy ourselves with so much care, is entitled to our warmest thanks. But to return to the investigations at Davenport's room, after our former experiments of the 13th of October.

On the morning of Sunday, October 14, we again visited Mr. Davenport, and the following is our memorandum made at the time: No persons present but those selected by myself, who accompanied me. These were two gentlemen who belonged in Buffalo, the friend who accompanied me from New York, and myself. We sat around a large table. Under the table was a bell, a speaking-trumpet, two violins, an accordion, and a hat. The room was mildly light. The table was lifted free from the floor while all our hands were upon it. The trumpet was then thrust up two-thirds of its length above the edge of the table, and held there. A chair was then shoved out from the table, and then drawn toward it. The trumpet was thrown up into the air six feet above the table. The chair was upset and shoved from the table. The speaking-trumpet, was projected from under the table, caught the chair, and drew it back. The chair was then stood upright along side of the table. The trumpet was thrown upon the table. It was then placed under the table again, and was handed up to my friend. The accordion was played under the table. All of us were touched by hands of various sizes, by the trumpet, etc. Accordion and violins sounded, and were then put into my hands. The lower side of the table was knocked very hard, as if by a large mallet in the hands of a very strong man. Bell rang all round the table. The trumpet, surmounted by a hat, stuck up above the table, so that all the hat, and two-thirds of the trumpet were above the table-top. Hat thrown on the table. Trumpet thrown six feet above the table and then fell on it. Whole table lifted free from the floor. Trumpet thrown again by request. A black hand was then thrust up above the edge of the table; then a white hand; then a single mulatto finger, remaining in sight one minute. Violin played; accordion played; tune drummed. Two Spirits dancing under the table with a loud shuffle—unmistakable. Tremendous rapping on the floor and under side of the table, as if made with a paver's ram-

mer, jarring the building. These the Spirit called "Buffalo knockings." My three friends were requested to get on the table, their joint weight being four hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The table, with them upon it, was lifted entirely free from the floor. One of my friends and myself were then lifted with the table. My knee was then held by a hand, while the hands of all the party were in sight, on top of the table. Accordion played. Arrangements were then made with Mr. Davenport for us to have a private circle in the evening—the Spirits promising to lift the boys to the ceiling. All the above was performed in a mild light, sufficiently strong to enable us to read coarse print.

Same evening, seven o'clock—Myself and three friends present. Large table at one end of the room; small table in the middle of the room. At the small table, myself and two boys, Mr. Davenport—father of the boys—at the large table, near the door, holding the dark lantern. Our cloaks, shawls, etc., were thrown on this large table, near the door through which we entered—Mr. Davenport, at that time, being with the boys at the front end of the room—the end farthest from this table. On the small table was the trumpet, violins, bell, accordion, etc. The hands and feet of the boys were held by me, as on the former occasion. On the sofa, at the opposite end of the room, from the large table, sat my three friends. Room dark. The Spirit spoke through the trumpet, calling me by name, and then said, "All sit back." We then all sat back against the wall, leaving the two boys at the table—all the experiments noted at the last meeting having been repeated while I held their hands. I now requested the boys to repeat the multiplication table that we might hear their voices and know them to be in their seats while the manifestations were going on. A cane commenced whacking on the table, as if handled by a most powerful man. One of my friends cried out, "Don't break my cane!" The Spirit answered, "It is not your cane; it is a Spirit-cane;" and at the same instant my friend's cane was placed in his hand, but the whacking continued. No other cane or stick of any kind was in the room and the owner of this cane, who then held it, was sitting fifteen feet from the table at the time the cane was put in his hand. Just at this time the Spirit called out to me and said, "Are you cold?" at the same time throwing my shawl over my head. Two of my friends, at the same instant, had their shawls thrown over their heads, and the third his great-coat. On the introduction of the light, each proved to have his own shawl or great-coat. My friends wore soft hats. They were taken from their heads and returned to them; but on introducing the light, they proved to be wrong side out, with the linings on the outside. One of them contained a pair of gloves, and one of these gloves was also wrong side out. Its owner could not readily turn it back again, but the Spirit took it and returned it in less than a minute, all in order. My hat—a stiff one—was smashed down flat upon my head, the sides being folded like the edge of a bellows, with two handkerchiefs, which had been inside of it, tied about its outside. Immediately on the room being darkened, all the hats and gloves were returned by the Spirits to their proper positions, and placed on the heads of their owners. During much of this time I held the hands and feet of the boys. Indeed it was impossible for them to have any part in what was going on, for when all were seated back against the wall the boys talked aloud, so that we knew they did not leave their chairs. While they were so seated, the violins and other instruments, including the trumpet, were lying about the room with the greatest velocity, and all playing all the time, the Spirit speaking jocosely through the trumpet, sometimes speaking from the ceiling and sometimes near the floor, frequently placing the trumpet suddenly at or near the ear of each of us, and hallooing so loudly as to surprise us. The windage of the instruments flying about the room was often so strong against our heads as to alarm us, for fear of being hit—the violins and trumpet frequently touching us on our heads and elsewhere, and being often placed in our hands. At one time the mouth-piece of the trumpet was placed at my friend's mouth for him to speak through, and the Spirit voice continued for an instant to issue from the trumpet. While the room was dark, I held two shillings in my hand, and in an undertone, not sufficiently loud to be heard by any other person in the room—indeed, at that time no one being within ten feet of me—I said to the Spirits, "If you will take this from my hand you can have it;" and immediately it was missing. Another Spirit was fumbling at the stove, speaking occasionally, and eventually threw a piece of the stove across the room, which dropped on the floor behind my chair. The Spirit calling himself John King then asked me if I thought he could be in two places at one time. I answered, of course, negatively, and then heard his voice at the ceiling and along side of my ear at one and the same instant. The boys then cried out, "The table is going!" The cover was removed from the dark lantern. The two boys sat facing each other on their chairs, but the small table which had stood between them was upside down on top of the large table at the extreme end of the room. The small table was then restored to its place, and the Spirit said he was going to raise the larger boy to the ceiling. This ceiling is very high—twelve feet or more. The only utensil in the room that could possibly be made use of to reach the ceiling was the table with a chair upon it; and before covering up the dark lantern I placed a chair on the table and requested the tallest boy to stand on it. He did so, and could not then reach the ceiling by two or three feet. The chair was then replaced on the floor, the boys took their seats, the lantern was covered, and the room was made dark. I placed in the hands of the elder boy a pencil, and re-

quested him, if they took him up, to draw a figure-four on the ceiling. In an instant after, we heard the figure being made on the ceiling and the boy fell to the floor. The lantern was uncovered, which enabled us to see that the figure-four was plainly drawn. We then asked the Spirit to take the boy up again with the chair, and to drop the chair in one part of the room and the boy in another. This was done, the chair striking the floor first and the boy afterward. As he struck the floor, the Spirit called, "light," and the lantern was uncovered. As I understood that on a former occasion you held fast the boy's feet while they were being elevated, this last phenomenon can scarcely be a curiosity to yourself.

On my return to Buffalo last week, I again visited the room of Mr. Davenport, and there, in the presence of a larger circle, and with new friends with me to witness the manifestations, who had not been there before, saw all repeated except the lifting of the boy to the ceiling. In addition to the instruments before named, a guitar had been introduced, and this, like the others, called about the room, being played upon; and indeed so rapid was its movement, that it would travel from the ceiling at one end of the room, to the floor at the opposite end of the room, during the vibration of a single note. During one of my visits, all the circle—Mr. Davenport included—with the exception only of my friend who accompanied me from New York, left the room, and I held a conversation of twenty minutes or more with the Spirit, John King. He stated in answer to my question as to why the manifestations given were of so grotesque a character, that any other kind of manifestations—particularly those embracing higher mentality—would not convince skeptics that Spirits could communicate; that it was necessary that each should see the class of manifestations shown, to fix his belief; and that afterward those of higher mental order would be adjudged for their true purpose—their teachings—instead of being watched simply as phenomena, with the view of discovering the method of deception. Indeed, all his answers were such as one might anticipate, for they admitted the truth of the doctrines you advocate.

I also attended the meetings at the Conference Room of Spiritualists, and had the pleasure of hearing two or three addresses, spoken under influence, by Miss Cora Scott. These were of a most striking kind, and of the very highest order of talent.

Mr. Davenport informed me that he should visit New York with his sons, in the course of a few weeks, and if the manifestations should prove here as efficient as in Buffalo, his room will be crowded by the thousands of anxious inquirers.

### TIME AND SPACE.

In almost every circle where time and space have been involved in questions asked of Spirit-friends, the reply has been that they form no part of the Spiritual element; and this to us—at least to some of us—seems difficult to be understood. The following is my memory of the explanations given by Spirits during various communications. Man recognizes time by the absence or presence of the sun's light, occurring from the earth's revolution. But let man suppose that he could be elevated at noonday, into space somewhere between the earth and the sun, and there remain; and it would forever be noonday. He would have nothing to mark time, or to show that it occurred; and if the doctrine of eternity be true, as all admit, then we have no starting point, either in advance, or in the past, from which to divide the intervening moments into sections, so as to recognize time. Indeed the Spirit may be conceived as inert, except at moments of sympathy, as is our Spirit when we sleep. It seems on awaking, that but a moment has past; still, from long observation, we know the fact that we have been asleep for hours; but during that sleep, while the spirit alone is active, sometimes the whole transactions of a life-time will be recounted in a single dream, and that dream often not occupy, of what we call time more than a single quarter of an hour.

Astronomers tell us that some of the fixed stars are so distant, that they must have occupied their space thousands of years before their light reached this earth; and that if they were now removed, it would be thousands of years before we should lose sight of them. These are established astronomical truths; therefore a Spirit viewing this earth from such a distance as would have been required for the travel of light since the time of the deluge, would see it as if now transpiring; or if time and space, instead of holding such account with Spirit as with us, are, from laws which we do not comprehend, entirely obliterated, then all truths are present whenever in sympathy with Spirit observation. May it not be our Spirit viewing the transactions of the past, that we call dreams? I may not the coalescence of our Spirit with our form, sometimes find the form in so diseased or imperfect a condition that objects viewed are distorted, and hence the results of these dreams be departures from exact truths, and only truths to the distorted mind? If one organ of our form, such as the brain, be imperfectly conditioned, so that the coalescence of the Spirit in the form of thought or mind is imperfect, would it not account for distorted dreams? Indeed are not all errors of thought at all times of this character? Can we in our normal state avoid the interference of time and space in forming our reflections? Does not the Spirit sometimes supersede this mind-action, and give us with clearness the images of occurrences during our youth? The form is perishable; therefore, to it, time is one of the elements of existence. [The Spirit is imperishable, and hence independent of time, as an element of its existence. The form exists for a time; the Spirit for that space recognized by the form, as all time.



## SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1855

MAHAN'S MODERN MYSTERIES.  
CHAPTER VIII.

**RECAPITULATION.—CONCLUSION.**

In bringing this Review to a close, it is thought that a brief recapitulation may assist the reader's memory, and thus enable the mind to comprehend in one view the ground we have occupied. In this chapter, however, we shall not refer to the specific points discussed, but merely to the general ideas and prevalent phases of the subject.

**CHAPTER I.—II.** After referring, by way of introduction, to the egotism and weakness of the opposition generally, and to the arrogance and sophistry of our author in particular, we proceeded, in the second chapter, to consider the implied charge that the modern media for Spiritual intercourse are all impostors. The essential elements of what constitutes imposture, and the general characteristics of the media were briefly designated and defined. From this examination and comparison it did not appear that the latter were characterized by the attributes of the former; but rather that our genuine Spirit-media are as sincere and truthful as any other class of citizens—not even excepting the very different opposers of the New Reformation. In the first part of Prof. Mahan's book, Mr. Davis and his "Nature's Divine Revelations" are unfairly and rudely assailed; hence, in the corresponding portion of our Review, particular reference was made to the early life and extraordinary powers of Mr. Davis; and also to the intrinsic character and spirit of the Revelations. By a dispassionate appeal to actual facts the charge of imposture was refuted, and the obvious injustice of its author fairly exposed. Moreover, it was observed that nothing is done to overthrow Spiritualism by trying to prove that Mr. D. or some other man is not perfect, and that the revelations of Spirit-media contain errors, since Spiritualists do not believe that there are any infallible men or revelations. Will our clerical friends, therefore, please to save themselves any further labors in this direction? We certainly have no idea that the absolute truth can be embodied in human language; much less do we imagine that the best part of it has already been stereotyped and sold for two dollars.

**CHAPTER III.**—In the Third Chapter we took up, successively, six of the author's propositions, relating to questions of fundamental importance in the present controversy between Spiritualists and their opposers. These were in substance as follows:—1. It is the purpose of Spiritualists to substitute the modern for the ancient revelations; 2. The Bible is a perfect revelation; 3. The canonical Scriptures all emanated in an especial manner, from the Infinite Spirit; 4. The peculiar mission of the Spirits is to supplant the Bible; 5. The modern revelations are not adapted to the necessities of humanity in any possible sense; 6. We have not the least evidence that the current manifestations contain any relation whatever to the Spirit-world. On these points the author's assumptions were severely examined, compared with the real facts, and proved to be groundless inventions, without so much as a respectable appearance to recommend them to favor.

**CHAPTER IV.**—President Mahan's "test principles," comprehended in five separate propositions, were reviewed in our Fourth Chapter. The author of the propositions declares that they are "universally recognized as self-evident" on the contrary, the present writer undertook to prove that they are all indefinite, ambiguous, and false. It now remains for the candid reader to decide whether the truth or the error of the propositions referred to, is most conspicuous.

**CHAPTER V.**—A brief historical account of the discoveries in Animal Magnetism and Animal Electricity, from the time of Mesmer, Galvani, and Volta occupied our attention in the Fifth Chapter. Respecting the nature of the magnetic phenomena it clearly appeared, from the results obtained by Dr. Reville and in a greater or less degree by all other experimenters, that action may be controlled, increased, diminished, and even wholly suspended by the magnetizer; also that clear sight and the perception of spiritual beings are among the incidental developments of the magnetic sleep. The observations of Calanget and the experiments of Baron Von Reichenbach were noticed in this connection, and the Chapter concluded with a brief analysis and suggestions respecting the nature and import of the essential facts. It was the chief object, in this part of our work to ascertain whether the scientific discoveries in these departments afford any warrant for the assumption that the Spiritual Manifestations proceed from Animal Electricity, Vital Magnetism, or the Odic Force.

**CHAPTER VI.**—In this part of our Review it was shown that the agents referred to in Chapter Five had never been known to produce any of the more extraordinary results which are now ascribed to the presence and powers of departed Spirits. The essential laws and phenomenal manifestations of those material agents were briefly considered; the facts in Spiritualism were observed to violate those laws, and to immeasurably transcend the capabilities of mere physical forces and the powers of the human mind in its earthly relations. Respecting the Odic Force it was made to appear, as well from the explicit testimony of Baron Von Reichenbach himself as from the intrinsic nature of the phenomena, that we have no positive knowledge of the existence of any such agent; and that all the facts observed by the Baron may ultimately be ascertained to result from various mental and material combinations, and the modified electro-magnetic states and relations of the system. Upon the presumption that Odyle is a distinct agent in Nature, it was proved, rather clearer than ordinary daylight, that the phenomena ascribed to it transcend its utmost capacity, by a degree that admits of no comparison.

**CHAPTER VII.**—With a view to a still plainer exhibition of the material and infidel tendencies of Prof. Mahan's book we next proceeded—Chapter Seven—to apply his "test principles," and his principal agent, to the mysterious phenomena of the Jewish and Christian Revelations. From this experiment it was made manifest, either that the spiritual claims of that book are a stupendous fiction, or that the author may be one of the "blind guides." Indeed it must be sufficiently obvious to every person of ordinary discernment, that Prof. Mahan virtually destroys the foundations of his own theology, at the same time he strikes with inconsiderate and reckless haste—under the influence of a blind, misguided zeal—at the revelations of all ages and nations, including Christianity, which is thus "crucified afresh and put to an open shame" in the very presence and the home of its professed disciples.

It was not without considerable hesitation and strong feelings of reluctance—from a growing distaste for this kind of labor—that we commenced our strictures on the President's book. But having undertaken the labor of the Review, the writer has not felt at liberty to diminish the force of what he had to say by that

mortal love of extensive goodliness which has sometimes made stronger minds feeble in their most beloved efforts. It has been our earnest desire to honor the truth and to be just to the author. But our purpose is accomplished. It was the writer's object, not previously anticipated, to show that President Mahan's fundamental principles and positions are manifestly and false, and that his chief agent is equally so. If all this is made manifest, it is enough; his particular facts, specific statements, and special pleading in "petty causes," may pass for what they are worth. The author's principal warrant having failed, his small notes must of course be taken at a heavy discount, and indeed if taken at all will need to be indexed this side of the state of Ohio.

In the concluding portion of his book the author reviews Swedenborg and discourses, at considerable length, the claims of the Bible to Divine inspiration and authority. It was never our intention to follow him through the third and fourth parts of his work. So far as their contents are intrinsically opposed to the just claims of a rational and spiritual philosophy, we feel bound to state that the author's object will not be realized, but that his labors will prove ineffectual. His argument for the Scriptures might have induced some minds had it not been preceded by the argument against Spiritualism, which is sufficient to neutralize the influence of all that he has ever spoken or written to vindicate the truth of inspiration, whether ancient or modern. It is strange that just at this crisis, when the old Materialism was ready to perish, without so much as the hope of a resurrection to mitigate the severity of the last struggle, our Reverend friend should come to rescue the dying. Yet such is the fact. He summons from silent and unknown retreats, a thousand idols; all shapings and doublers and many rockers and profane men, who want no angelic watchers to scrutinize their conduct, come up from their cold, chilly abodes; he arms them all with new and more formidable weapons, and sends them forth to struggle a new-born faith; to battle against Revelation, and to crush the world's fresh hopes. Will they not contend bravely with such a chief at their head? Not only does he put weapons in the hands of his soldiers and teach them to use the same, but he also strikes the first and the fiercest blow.

I see a broken Altar whereon the fires are partially extinguished. Truth stands at some distance, with valiant and averted face. A long muscular arm is thrust out from beneath the altar; it moves irregularly, and stabs at the air, immovable form with a strange abnormal energy. And now, the man whose right arm was used to strike the law comes forth from under the broken altar; he stands erect, and speaks for the Bible, for inspiration, and for miracles. He reverently uncovers his head when he refers to Moses and the Prophets, and bows obsequiously before the edicts of the Apostles. That man defends Revelation! For some reason I am impressed to say, that such a defense, at this time, and from such a champion, will do as much for Revelation as a coat of varnish would have done to mend the walls of Sodom when the bombardment was over—it will cause the ruins to shiver. The scene changes. The Angel of a new dispensation approaches the broken altar to rekindle the waning fires. The radiant form stands uncovered in the presence of the man whose mission is to defend Revelation. The fair creature is glowing with the beauty of young life, and the freshness of the Spiritual Eden is on her cheek. The man with the long muscular arm looks sternly as he approaches the bright messenger. He strikes down the living form; and while the dust from his sandals stains the polished brow and the sinless bosom he goes forth to galvanize the dead bodies of his remote ancestors!

## HALF INTEREST FOR SALE

**OF THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH & BOOK PUBLISHING BUSINESS.**

It was not the original intention of the undersigned to engage in the publication of Periodicals and Books, with a view to make it a business, but it was simply for the purpose of putting on record (in convenient form for preservation—and dissemination, if the people required it) facts and communications from Spirits, which demonstrate their existence and intercourse with mortals. The practical carrying out of this purpose was soon found to attain such an important form, in a business point of view, as to require more of my time than I could spare from that attention which other avocations required, as also from charitable enterprises in which I have been for many years engaged.

The TELEGRAPH and spiritual book-publishing business is now permanently established, and constantly widening its business relations, and in the hands of enterprising men it may be carried on to almost any extent, while at the same time it may be made both pleasant and profitable. Believing that there are many whose hearts and heads are devoted to the new dispensation of spiritual gifts, who have time and means, and who may be desirous of embarking in the TELEGRAPH and publishing business, it would give me pleasure to transfer my interest in the above to some one who may appear calculated to be more efficient, and who may do more good to the cause in which we are engaged.

Mr. Brittan will retain his interest and position in the business. Apply to

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

## Spirits in Hartford, Conn.

Our editor of the *Hartford Times* recently attended a spiritual séance in that city, at which Henry Gordon was present as the medium; and of the proceedings on that occasion he gives the following account in his paper:

Mr. Henry Gordon, the well known Spiritual Medium, who has resided in Springfield and Philadelphia, where many wonderful demonstrations have been made in his presence, is now in this city. We have heard of the appearance of "Spiritual hands," turning of tables, raising of the (Gordon's) body in mid air, and other remarkable phenomena in his "circles," but never witnessed any of these things till last evening, when we were invited to a circle at a private residence. About twenty persons were present, some of whom had never seen anything of the kind. During the evening, Mr. Gordon was drawn into what is called "the state"—that is, his body and limbs were made very rigid, when he was suddenly taken from his chair, and placed under the table. It was an extension table. The center leaf was drawn up, and Mr. Gordon's body, as rigid as a "steel pole," was thrust through the aperture, and waved around above the table, sometimes in an upright position, and at others at an angle of 45 deg. He was then carried back to the floor, and raised to his chair—and during all this time he did not apparently move a muscle. The agency that moved him could not be seen. He was then taken up, turned heels over head, and laid half way up a stairway, head down. A dinner bell was picked up, rung, and thrown upon the table, without any human agency. Other demonstrations of a similar character were made. Persons who would like to see such demonstrations for themselves, may have an opportunity, probably, as inducement are offered to Mr. Gordon to remain here for a season.

## A Sign of Progress.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, in his new work on the future state, presents some thoughts on the resurrection from the dead, which are in advance of current opinions on that theme. He says: "A wound received in childhood bears the scar, although every atom of its flesh has long since been resolved into other matter. Now, how is this to be accounted for? Why is there the same scar upon the tiny arm of the infant and the bearded arm of the man? The substance of the infant and of the man is the same. Is it not, then, the substantial body which is raised to incorruption? Take the case of an infant dying three days old; does it rise an infant of three days? Shall a man who is born lame be lame also in the resurrection? Or is there difference of color in the resurrection? Then must that body which is raised be the substantial, and not the accidental body. It shall be a spiritual and not a natural body, an incorruptible and glorified body, made like unto the glorious body of our Lord and SAVIOR JESUS CHRIST."

## THE "LYRIC OF THE GOLDEN AGE"

UNFINISHED FROM NO. 152.

At this point, the strains of the Lyric teacher America, the "Lyric of coming days," to which Heaven, when the old world died, wailed out of the ashes of great Europe past, the new delivering future. America is heralded as the harbinger of the fair child of Liberty. His going on dead old Europe, arise:

The Old World hath done and died.  
Killed by oppression—give it God, to die.

His cry is answered. The age of the Earth's transition, on springing from its tomb, follows in perspective. The New World unfolds its petals like a rose. An Angel from the East is heard to sing:

I see the vision of the world redeemed—  
The dead old Continent, when Priests and King  
Drove rule, have faded, and the time of men,  
Humanity itself, revives again.

And hence the visionary tells us that

The three bright Seraphim who watched Remorse,  
The Poet and the Dreamer, long Ago,  
Tread with their lips the dust of many a dying heart.

And he desires a mountain-top, high apart, above the world,  
where he can breathe aloud his inspirations. Then, he'd

Year the shroud  
Of twilight from Humanity, and pour  
Oracles of song, that 'gainst Oppression's shore  
Should break with massive surges, and out-cry  
Their grand harmonies tide from India to the pole.

He would be

Painter, sculptor, harmonist;  
Shakespeare with lips by every Angel kissed;  
Dante, or Spenser by his Ural led;  
Or grand Beethoven with his sun-crowned head;  
Raphael, Da Vinci, Angelo combined;  
In heart a woman and a god in mind;  
A poet, hero, sage, sweet Nature's child.

We are told that there is a world where the forms of the human dwellers therein are pure and beautiful beyond all mortal knowledge. Thither the visionary's soul was led, and directed by an angel to explore the "bright dominions." All his faculties became expanded. The dome of his

Sphered intellect irradiate shone

As if it were a firmament wherein

All stars, all heavens were beaming, and their hymn  
Of wisdom grew articulate.

He heard the voice of every star—scattered through infinite realms—knew the secret of all secrets—drew above the universe into space, and there saw the wonders of the great nebulous expanse. And he beheld an ocean "green, ruby, golden," which "contained more unborn worlds than there are souls in heaven." And he saw suns and worlds changing into heavens, wreathed in concentric rings. And a voice taught him that these worlds grow through the operation of spirits.

Through labor, first on earth, and then in heaven,

They have gone up to that supreme degree

That they are Angel-mediums for the seven  
Creative Powers of Heaven's Divinity.

Then the visionary is led to another world, reposing far in the Pleiades. There his spirit found glad rest, and a mighty angel discoursed to him of Castor and Pollux, "the great Twin Brothers," whose mighty signs reveal to us our twin-born destinies. And the visionary learns that the world in which he is, is as the Earth shall be, when death and night have passed away. The earth of that world has bloomed into its golden age; children are born there "without pain," childhood there is full of God as morning is full of sun; each young soul moves as if he were a star—and they are fed with fruit that drops in clusters from moon-like trees—and bathed in crystal waters. There are no serfs or slaves there—all is equality. In America the like of all this is prospectively seen.

In the great West the glory culminates:

Where flows the Mississippi to its sea  
A thousand millions Nations whom the Fates  
The Virtues and the Splendors have made free,  
Chant the great hymn of human liberty.

The vision changes, and the visionary tells us

That pure planet that shines in the distance remote,

called Melodia,

Angels alide who are kin by their love-breathing hearts

to the Seraphim.

There I was led by a beautiful maiden whose name

was Euphrosyne.

And he saw beneath a scarlet pomegranate tree, twelve angels who sat evermore feeding their spirits with sweet love. These spirits were called "Children of the Ray."

Their vision is so exquisitely fine

That they perceive the essences of flowers.

Yet the "Children of the Dawn" are brighter than these. Shelley and Keats, we are told, are inhabitants of Melodia. We are told, also, that they

Were children of one mother;

The same pure love-star ruled their destiny;

In essence they were like to one another,

And one they are in Heaven's bright galaxy.

Melodia rules the destiny of the "Land of Coming Years," America, which is at last to be the consecrated home of poetry, and which is here apostrophized as

The lost Atlantis that lay

To ancient thought, beyond the waves away;

The New Jerusalem, the ancient Seer

Of Parnassus saw, descending white and clear

From highest heaven, the rich and wise Cathay

Columbus sought, faith-guided, on his way.

The Old, the New, the Future and the Past,  
Meet and embrace, complete in this vast East.

The vision changes again, and the visionary is sped to the Spirit-pantheon where Rousseau saw "great England's worthies." There stood Keats, Byron, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Hood, and many splendours. The spirit of King Alfred calls: Byron to pour forth the music of his song. Byron sings a grand, a mournful song to Venice—glancing at England in his strain—England with her kindly and caste despots, and her self-sufferers—a terrible picture, imprecation of prophecy, thus closing.

Guelf shall lead Tudor and Plantagenet

Be a German name in Windsor's Halls;

The German hounds who suck the public test

shall feed the just wrath of their risen thralls;

And unctuous deans flee from their baring stalls

While terribly Destruction waves her brand.

Thy blood-cemented fabric shakes and falls,

O Aristocrat; when God's right hand

Thrones Freedom o'er your ruins, none shall lift his might withstand.

Then Coleridge poured forth an Orphic chant—worthy of his fame as the English Plato. Then Shelley sang, and

As he sang the dust

Of star flakes round him thrilled; the glad air grew

Melodious, and that song of hope and trust—

Filled every breast as morn is filled with dew.

Shelley sang of the vision and crimes of England's kings, and priests, and aristocrats, and of the death of Superstition. Then Pollak sang, rejecting Calvinism, declaring for the soul's insanity, describing orderly and disorderly Spiritualism, proclaiming the universal redemption of man, through love, explaining the causes of crime, denouncing on the evils of revivals, and prophesying the end of sectarianism. A noble song is this now

song of Pollak's, pleading for kind treatment for the erring, and against state-torture and prophesying of England's future—of England, a Republic in the future. We are told this song of Pollak's is

The death-song of the Past.  
The birth-song of the Future. It reveals  
The real state of Nations.

Here the vision of Keats was kindled, in *Eclogue for the People's Square*, near St. Peter's. And he sang bravely of the coming day when the strains of the great warlike battle will ring.

Still he is a poetical creed.

Where every hero of the Pastland

In marble glory shall stand captured;

And when freedom, by Ash-puffs' banner,

Triumphantly and boldly the public mind

The new American Age of Liberty is led.

Liberty for Italy rings through the *epicurean* strains of Keats. The earth is heaved like a mother, thrilled with swift throes—her coming child shall be inheritor of time, and yet another shall follow him and rule victoriously.

A Keats tale no how known, and never told him in his flesh April dream—lost the crowd and that which he was bearing a golden scepter, and he fled joyfully the narrow white porch of immortality. And he sang of the *Græcian* heaven, the religion of Greece, of *Græcia* inspiring America, and of *Christ* in Persians. And he sang, also, beautifully, of how he passed from earth and its woes—

Up to the living from the dead.

An exquisite picture is given of Keats in *Paradise*:

There his lovely spirit, bowed

On earth like a bent life in the rain.

Sun-like and kindly, free from every pain,

Thrilled to distinct music; a seerance

Joy made her nest in his day dream's core,

Breeding young poems to do better him,

And framed in them—analysis of purest happiness.

And Keats, the gentle and beautiful, tells us:

In my heart I keep

Chained a Lyric Poem, beautiful.

The Angels told me in that jasper grove,

Because the world cannot so truly move.

It was a poem of Conspiring Love.

An ancient poet of the *Græcian* age alludes to Keats, how

All matter is a medium where through God

Redeemeth and multiplies the world;

and how once, in a flight of wonder, he was led into the planet Jupiter, and there saw a young planet building from the old:

Self-potent

And luminous from an inward light it sang.

Like a translucent amethyst, between

The green orb's enamel and the golden sky.

Held in the planetary atmosphere.

Cradled in all its harmonies, a form

Of aggregating melody, a sea

Of rounded aromatic life, a bud

Of world-existence twinkling on the stem

Of its pure metaphorsphere.

And the ancient poet learned that this was the beginning of another world, and that, in years remote, this infant orb would be a virgin earth, peopled with souls, and birds, and flowers, and melody and fragrance. Then the poet sang of "Melodia," a world beyond Urania moving, where a Spirit-angel once found glad repose, and saw

The landscape drenched with field gold;

The planet grew impregnate from the sun;

Through all its veins the solar effluence rolled,

And then convergent shaped a seven-fold zone

Of emulating splendours round the globe.

Then from the sun seven mighty Angels trode,

Each bearing in his hand a ruby vase

Wherein the embryos of a new-world race

Were shrined; wherever passed that bright procession,

Plants, trees and living things of food and mold

And air came forth in beautiful progression;

And splendours in each living form convulsed

Unfolded, and a swift melodious race

Of spirit-like beings filled the realms of space,

And all was vocal as a lover's heart.

Breathing sweet joy in his sweet counterpart.

Then comes a vision of how three armies, with fierce, delirious rage, are battling round Sebastopol:

By night

The bomb-shell and the rocket wildly blight,

By day the devil-driven cannon roar,

And lance and saber drip with human gore;

Whistling, the hail of musketry flies shell;

The sated victims cover plain and hill.

And we are told that, were it not for Priests, State Churches, and bloody creeds, mankind would feel how great are the wrongs, needs, woes and sufferings of men. We are told, also, how beautiful it is to see mild, quiet Peace, when War hath been led homeward by crowned Victory:

Then Earth, no more deluded

With slaughter, clothes in robes of freshest green

Her nation form; her bouquies breathe union

Fill with new milk of love, and others been

Repose, and harvests wave where slaughter-fields have been.

Then we are given a vision of a woman, chained to the topmost cliff of a shaggy rock; she is Humanity, and she drains the cup of desolation, and can not die. She has endured a long eternity already, and she cried

It can not be

Anght than a slave—enslaved Humanity.

And old Evil replies to her,

Woman, by love alone thou art commed.

But she answered, "Not love to me is joy and peace," and the stars sing from their splendor above.

Love on, love on, Humanity love on,

Through Love, at last, deliverance shall be won.

The woman is finally overborne, and dies—all but her heart; that lives on and will not die, though many terrors smite it. And Freedom, on its Atlantic promontory, though Laysa, and Dandine, and the coward murderers of the Inquisition stand themselves on its flesh and blood, and twelve fierce terrors pursue it, withstands, like the heart of Humanity, every assault. Choral hymns of victory for uprisen Freedom and Humanity follow; and much more of strange and beautiful, which our space forbids us to further quote. The Lyric closes with this brave strain:

If we have uttered words that blanch the cheek

And terribly weep nature, still 'twas ours

To liberate the Poor, the Blind, the Weak.

Our love in bolts were aimed at wrong's grim towers.

We strove 'gainst mailed Oppression's haughty powers.







